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January 1920.

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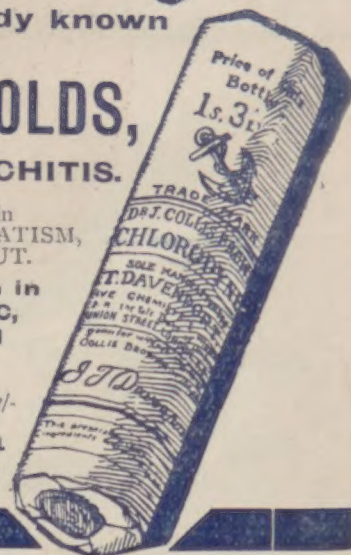
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THE CHILDREN'S PAPER



WE CARRY TO YOU THE EDITOR'S WISHES FOR A VERY
HAPPY NEW YEAR.

THOMAS NELSON AND SONS, LTD., LONDON, EDINBURGH, AND NEW YORK.

Cousin Anne.

A PLAY FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

BY ETHEL TALBOT.

SCENE: Drawing-room in Mrs. Hepburn's house.

CHARACTERS: RHODA HEPBURN, aged sixteen years; JOAN HEPBURN, aged thirteen years; ANN BLACK.

RHODA (*reclining gracefully amongst innumerable cushions, with a book in her hand*). I wonder what she'll be like.

JOAN (*nursing a kitten on the opposite side of the fire*). So do I.

RHODA. From the wilds of New Zealand? So she'll be frightfully interesting, I should think. Lots of experiences and sporting things must have happened to her, and all that. I should think she'd be awfully popular at school next term.

JOAN. Oh, she's really coming back to Deerhurst with us, then? Hurrah!

RHODA. Yes; Mummy said so. That's why she's coming over, you know. Her education, you see. She's been frightfully neglected, and all that; and—

JOAN. "Neglected?" I say! Anne's her name, isn't it? Jolly sort of girl, I should think. I shall ask Mummy—

RHODA. Shut up, kid. I'm sure I heard the gate. Perhaps they've got back. Look out of the window and tell me. (*After a pause.*) I say, whatever's up?

JOAN (*from the window*). Rho, there's the most extraordinary girl in the garden!

RHODA. In the garden! *Ours*, d'you mean? What awful cheek! What's she like?

JOAN. Sort of peculiar and fright-



ened looking. She's—well, she's staring about; but I should think she's come to the wrong house!

RHODA (*magisterially*). Tell her to go away at once, then. (*Rises lazily*



and comes to the window.) What are you doing there, little girl?

VOICE (from outside). I've come; I was arsted to come.

RHODA (impatiently). But who are you?

VOICE. Wh-a-a-a-t?

JOAN (giggling). What's your name, you know?

RHODA (angrily). Shut up, kid. (Sternly.) Tell me who you are, and why you're standing down there?

VOICE. This is Missus Hepburn's, ain't it?

RHODA. Of course; and I'm Miss Hepburn! Will you kindly tell me who you are, or else go away.

VOICE. Ow, my naime? I'm Annie.

JOAN (almost speechless with mingled giggles and fright). O Rho!

RHODA. Shut up. (Pulls her head in again and gasps.) Joan, it can't be her!

JOAN. It must be.

VOICE. Say, Miss, won't yer? Where be I to go? I've been arsted to come and stay.

RHODA (sticking her head out again). How is it you didn't come up in the fly? It went to meet you, and Mummy— You're Anne, you say, from New Zealand?

VOICE. Right, Miss.

RHODA. Wait a minute; I'm sorry to keep you waiting. (Re-entering the room.) Joan, what does it mean? Mummy's missed her, and do you wonder? She's like— What shall we do?

JOAN (almost in hysterics). Oh, send her away—anything! Our cousin from New Zealand? "Neglected!" I

should think so. O Rho, what will the girls say?

RHODA (angrily). You little ass! I don't care what they say. Sit up and behave yourself. If she's our cousin, she's our cousin; and that's the end of it. Though how on earth— (Aside.) And I've only three weeks till the end of the holidays to train her in. (To Joan.) I'm going to fetch her up. Coming?

JOAN. Not me. (Sinks down into the cushions in a panting state, and giggles helplessly till voices are heard again outside in the passage, when she pulls herself together and sits up.)

RHODA (entering in a dignified manner, followed by a most extraordinary little object). This is the drawing-room, Annie; and (sternly avoiding her sister's eye) this is Joan. Come here, Joan, and speak to your c— (Chokes over the word cousin.)

JOAN (advancing nervously). How d'you do?

ANNIE. Pleased to meet you, Miss. (To Rhoda.) An' carpets on the floors, an' all; even on the stairses coming up. Well, I never! Muvver said as 'ow—

JOAN (interestedly). Haven't you got carpets at home?

ANNIE. Not me. Fink of the dust an' all, an' then the work it makes. 'Ere, Miss, what'll I do wiv this? (Holds out a battered bundle.)

RHODA (sailing up). Give it to me. Yes, I suppose the dust in New Zealand must be frightful. Now, sit down—here. (Points to a comfortable chair.)

ANNIE (subsiding into the cushions).

Well, this is jest 'eavenly! Say, Miss, is it like this all the time?

RHODA (*with dignity*). What do you mean?

ANNIE. Jest setting round, and doing nuffin'? I *am* in luck.

JOAN (*with enjoyment*). You'll have

Giles. 'E cotched me in 'is orchard, and he didn't arf——

RHODA (*almost turning pale, but retaining her dignified mien*). I hope you will not think of stealing apples here. I'd better tell you straight off that you'll find our life a bit different



lots to do in three weeks' time, I can tell you. Lots of work, you know. We go back to school then. Are you a good runner?

ANNIE. Run? You're a-kiddin' of me! 'Course I can. You should 'a' seen me last autumn a-racin' of Farmer

than the one 'you've been used to. If you were to do a thing like that at school— (*Speaks in hollow tones.*)

ANNIE (*interrupting her half-sob*). Ow, Miss! I'm sure I meant no 'arm!

JOAN. I say, let her down easy,

Rho. She's had a frightful journey. Besides, there's lots of apples in New Zealand; they export them, or something. P'rhaps they're *allowed* to crib a few, you know!

RHODA. Shut up, kid. And, Ann—
(*in an informing voice.*)

ANNIE. Yes, Miss.

RHODA. Don't call me Miss. You must get out of that before you go to school. If the girls were to hear— Why, what on earth's the matter?

ANNIE. I'm not a-going to no school. Muvver never told me. I've passed my standards, and, Miss—Mum—oh, what 'ave I to say? (*Sobs.*)

JOAN (*coming to the rescue*). Rho, it's all your horrible airs. Here, Anne, you'll like it; you really will. Come on upstairs, now, and you can get your face washed. You'll get used to Rho. (*Lifts up the bundle in a gingerly way, and reads the label.*) Why—good gracious!

RHODA (*staring*). Well, what's the matter? Take her away.

JOAN. Why, what on earth— And whose is this?

ANNIE (*snatching at her possession*). It's mine, an' give it 'ere. D'you see? It's got my new cap an' apring, an'—

RHODA (*almost fainting*). Wh-a-a-t!

JOAN. And the label's from New Seaton, the next station, Rho. And the name's Ann Black. It's not Anne Hepburn at all. She—

RHODA (*gasping*). Ann!

ANNIE (*sobbing helplessly*). Ow, I'll go straight 'ome, please, Miss—Mum—if I may. Oh, Muvver said as 'ow I'd make a good 'tween-maid, but—

RHODA and JOAN. The NEW TWEEENY! (*Joan collapses in helpless giggles, while Rhoda comes to the rescue in a dignified manner.*) Ann!

ANNIE. Yes, Miss—Mum. Oh, what ham I ter call yer?

RHODA (*kindly*). Call me Miss Hepburn. Yes, that's all right. Anne, I'm sure you'll make a very good little between-maid. I'll take you down to Cook, and she'll give you some tea. Come this way. Yes, bring your bundle.

ANNIE. Yes, Miss—Miss Hepburn—Mum. (*Curtseys and disappears.*)

JOAN (*thumping the cushions*). Cousin Anne! Oh, ripping! This'll take Rho's airs down a bit. She'll come and beg and pray me not to tell the girls. She'll— There's the wheels. Great Scott! I wonder what the next one'll be like! (*Rushes to the window as the curtain falls.*)

Divisions of Time.

HOW did the names of the days originate?

Why were seven days called a week?

Why is not time reckoned by lunar months?

What people do so reckon it?

Why was February made the shortest month?

Why is leap year necessary?

How does Russia differ from other nations in reckoning time?

[*The Editor will award a book prize for the best answer.*]

A mother is a mother still,
The holiest thing alive.

The Pillar of Fire.

THE STORY OF MOSES AND HIS TIMES.

BY ROY DAWSON, M.A. (OXON.).

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PLAGUES OF EGYPT.

WHEN Moses and his brother went to the royal palace they took their lives in their hands. The King of Egypt was almost looked upon as a god. Men approached him by flinging themselves prone on the ground at his feet. A sign on his part and they might be led out to torture or death. It must have been an awesome experience even to enter the great royal hall at Karnak. It was the most splendid hall ever built by any architect, and was larger than most of the great cathedrals of Europe to-day. A hundred and sixty-four great stone columns held up the roof of stone, and everywhere were wonderful paintings on the walls.

But Moses was not frightened by it all. He knew that God would keep them safe. He had known the Egyptian court in the days of the great King Rameses, and he despised his weak and cowardly successor. Indeed, Moses himself must have looked formidable enough as he advanced with his brother to his audience with the king. We seem to see his tall, stately figure, with his long streaming hair and shaggy beard, and the fire in his eye, as he at last stood before Menepthah. All the same, the brothers' first interview with the king

ended much as they had expected it would: Menepthah refused altogether to consider their message from God. However, when Moses had left the palace, the king began to be a little uneasy. He scented a rebellion among the slaves. Unless they were at once given a crushing lesson there was no saying what such a slave revolt might lead to.

The Egyptians, as we saw, taught their serfs to bind the mud bricks together with straw before drying them in the hot sun. An old Egyptian picture has been found showing the Israelite slaves, fair-skinned and bearded men, at work in a brickfield; while a dark Egyptian taskmaster watches them, with a big stick in his hand. That was a scene that Moses saw quite often after his interview with the king. And he and Aaron heard, too, what these poor creatures were saying. They were full of bitterness against the brothers. The Pharaoh would not even give them straw to bind their bricks, and the foremen beat them if they did not find enough straw for themselves; and for all this added horror they blamed Moses and Aaron. It was a bitter time for Moses; but God would not let him despair. He sent him once more before King Menepthah. This time the king was more interested in their message. He was intensely devoted to magic of every sort, and he hoped Moses would perhaps show him some wonderful magic of his own. Aaron did not disappoint Menepthah. He cast Moses' rod upon the ground, and there on the pavement at the king's

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feet writhed a big serpent! Behind the throne, however, stood several of the court magicians. They could do very wonderful things. Sometimes

so these Egyptian magicians pleased the king very much when they too produced serpents on the palace floor. But next moment they were much



their magic was, no doubt, a cheat. But they really had some very curious knowledge, just as men to-day in the East are still found to possess. And

startled. Aaron's serpent wriggled towards their serpents and ate up every one of them! It was an excellent afternoon's magic from Menepthah's

point of view; but it was not going to make him change his mind about the useful Israelite slaves. He dismissed Moses and Aaron.

Next morning they went down to the banks of the Nile. They knew that the king and his court were coming to the riverside, for that day was a river festival. To the Egyptians the Nile was sacred. They loved dear Father Nile, whose waters made their native land so rich and fertile. The king was coming that morning to utter by its banks the sacred song to the god of the river. By-and-by the solemn procession drew near, and there on the bank the king saw Moses and Aaron. He heard Moses cry aloud his message from God; he saw Aaron take the rod and smite the waters of the Nile. And then, what was this that had happened? Their sacred river flowed with blood! It was a horrible thing that had come upon Egypt, and it lasted for seven days. It killed all their sacred fish. It was a direct blow at the gods of Egypt. It was also a most unpleasant experience for the Egyptians, who were the cleanest of all the ancient nations. All classes in ancient Egypt were equally devoted to the daily bathe—many Egyptians had as many as three or four baths a day; they were like the modern Japanese in their love of water. But now their beautiful river ran blood.

Menepthah was impressed, but he waited to see whether this plague of blood would not pass away. Magic in his experience of it usually did end in the commonplace. And sure

enough, in a week's time the Nile waters once more flowed fresh and clear. When Moses and his brother came again to court, the king somewhat scornfully refused to hear them.

But during the next few months Egypt suffered a series of the most terrible plagues. It has always been a country where such pestilences are apt to come, and all the "plagues" that are mentioned in this story were just the sort of national scourges that Egypt has always suffered from time to time, and even suffers to-day. But never before had Menepthah's land known such a terrible series of plagues as followed the king's refusal of Moses' message. They came in the natural order of events; but the king and his people were forced to see in them a divine warning. In the story of "the plagues of Egypt," as Moses tells it himself in the book of Exodus, the different pestilences are arranged in order, and the king's guilty heart is exposed, so that we can see it all like a great drama. That is the way in which we are *meant* to see it, for that is the way in which cruel, treacherous Menepthah himself was obliged to see it; and so we will tell the story of the "plagues" in that way.

The next plague was a direct blow at the Egyptian gods. The Egyptians had a frog-headed god, whose name was Heka. But during the next few days it must have been hard for the most pious worshipper of Heka not to shudder at his name. For Aaron's rod brought up millions and millions of frogs over the whole land. They found them in their streets, in their

houses, in their beds, in their cups and plates, in their water-cisterns, in their baths! Everywhere were these horrible creatures. The air was filled with their dismal croaking. *Brekekkekx koax, koax!*—that was the sound they made. How the Egyptians must have loathed it! And Menepthah himself hated it too, for he sent hurriedly for Moses and Aaron, and begged them to conjure away the frogs. The next day the people saw the answer to Moses' prayer: all the frogs died. It must have been even more disgusting to clear them away dead than to see them hopping about alive. But no sooner were the streets and houses once more clear of them than the king changed his tune. He refused to listen to Moses.

Motto for January.

If you wish success in life, make perseverance your bosom friend, experience your wise counsellor, caution your elder brother, and hope your guardian genius.

—ADDISON.

Sent in by Alexander Mackinnon,
12 Belleisle Street, Govanhill,
Glasgow,

to whom a book prize has been awarded.

Golden Text for the Month.

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them.—
ECCLESIASTES xii. 1.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow!

The Early Bird.

BY MARY SHREWSBURY.

PERKINS is a tremendous swotter; as persevering as they make them, and a thoroughly good all-round sort of chap too. In fact, we've called him the Early Bird for ages, because he's always first on to anything—and a good first, too, as the masters say. I don't believe he'd ever had an enemy till Batts came; and why Batts should have detested him so much as he plainly did was a mystery—so I've heard chaps say.

Personally, I rather thought from the beginning that Batts was more than a bit jealous: he (Batts) had been head of his form at his last school; he expected to rule the roost at St. Bride's, but he soon found out that he was wrong. Perkins was top, and likely to keep top in our form, out of thorough hard work, too; and he was pretty sure, therefore, of the exam. prize at the end of term.

So it was rather an amazement to all of us when at half-term Batts announced that he meant to have a thorough good try for it.

"Get the exam. prize! Get your grandmother!" said Heriot and I when we heard it. "Not that we've anything to say against your doing a bit of extra work if you feel that way, but it's Perkins's perquisite! And now you know."

"Don't be so cocksure of your Early Bird," said Batts, and he went off, looking furious.

Well, we didn't think much more

about it till near the end of term. Then Perkins began to look a bit worried about something.

"I say," he said to Heriot and me, "there's something awfully weird going on."

"What's on?" we asked.

"Well, it's like this." Perkins looked awkward. "You know that I swot a bit in bed before we're called in exam. week, don't you? And you know my special notebook?"

"We do," we said. It's allowed at St. Bride's for any chap who likes. Not that many of us avail ourselves of the permission to work before getting up in the morning. And Perks has always done so, as we know, before exams. More than that, being a jolly methodical chap, he'd made himself a sort of general knowledge notebook, with all the chief dates and things, so that he could revise them at a glance. His "special notebook" had always been a joke with us, but it was the pride of his heart.

"You've not lost it, have you, old chap?" I said.

"Yes; and more than once," said Perks. "It's like this: Every night when I go to my desk for it at nine o'clock it's gone. Every morning when I go into the classroom for first lesson—well, it's put back. That means that it's always about if any of the masters should ask to see it; but I never get a chance to swot up from it in the early morning, which is my best time."

"Perhaps one of the masters borrows it to help him in preparing the exam. questions—" I was beginning; but I

dried up, because it honestly was pretty deadly for old Perks.

"Perhaps some other chap takes it and learns out of it," said Heriot, "though it would be a cad's trick; yet——"

"There's no one but me," said Perks (with truth), "who ever *does* swot in the early morning. There's three of us who have a chance for that prize: you, Heriot—and I know *you* don't work early; Batts—and *he* snores straight on till the bell rings: I know, for he's in my dormer; and then there's me. And that book's disappeared three nights running, and I'm going to sift the matter to the bottom."

"How?" we asked. But Perks wouldn't tell; he casually asked whether we thought the gardener would lend him some whitewash, and strolled away.

That night Heriot and I felt a bit excited. We wondered what Perks was up to; and we weren't awfully surprised when, after supper, he met us in the darkness in the quad and seized my arm.

"Vernon," he said, "answer for me at roll-call; your voice is much the same as mine. I shan't be there to-night; otherwise engaged. Right-o!" Then he slithered off in the darkness as we all filed in to chapel.

Heriot and I sit right up in the first pews, and it was when we were coming out—pretty nearly last of all—that we heard a shouting coming from our classroom. I looked at Heriot and he at me, and we skedaddled in. In the dusk, close up to the door, we

could see two figures. "Here they are," we heard Batts mutter; "the books. But I tell you—! And now let me go!"

"Not till you've told the truth," said Perks; and he turned and saw us.

"I've got him," he said; "but I wouldn't have called you; I'm not a sneak! The shouts you heard came from Batts. He got a fright when I sprang out at him. He's been purloining things out of my desk—my special notebook." Perks shook Batts till his teeth chattered. "He sits right at the back of the chapel," he went on, "and directly prayers are over he's skedaddled out and fetched my notebook. He's done the same thing three times; and then in the morning he hurries here after morning chapel in the same identical way and puts it back. In that hateful way he's kept me from swotting in the mornings, and yet he's kept out of rows because he's always put it back before school begins!"

"I didn't, you sneak!" began Batts.

"I lay low under my desk with a pot of whitewash"—Perks was panting, but he still held tight to Batts—"and I caught him in the act. I've washed his trouser-leg white, for if he escaped I wanted to know him again. But there's no need; here he is, and the book's in his hand."

"I never used it," growled Batts.

"No, you hadn't the decency to swot up for the prize; you wanted to get your sleep out, but at the same time you wanted *me* to miss *my* morn-

ing work," said Perks. "That was your little game; trust you to get your sleep in peace. I'd decided that if I stayed here all night I'd find out



the sneak. Here, get off; I've done with you. Give me the book."

"All right, old Early Bird," said Batts, slouching off.

Postmark Competition.

But Heriot got the last word. "Batts," he called out, "what a pity you didn't remember, you sneak, that the early bird always catches the WORM!"

Batts has been known as the "Worm" ever since. Not every one knows why, but *we* do; and—the exam. prize? Oh, Perks got *that* all right.

A Greeting from Nineteen Hundred and Twenty.

HOW do you do, children? How do you do?
It is Nineteen Hundred and Twenty greets you.

I have come to bring you a great many things—

Pains and pleasures, and joys and stings!

For tears are needful, sometimes, they say,

So I packed a few quarts of them snugly away;

But don't be sad, for I've brought you smiles

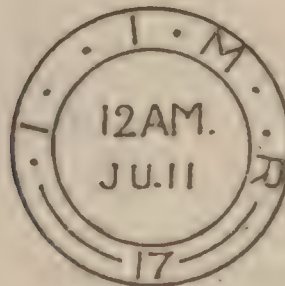
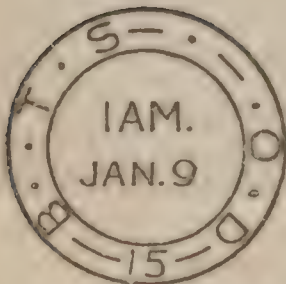
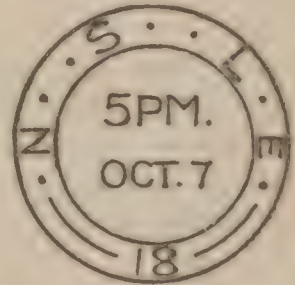
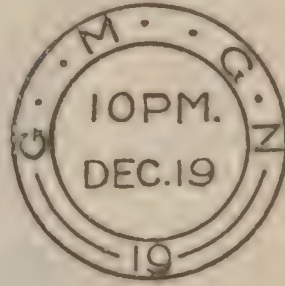
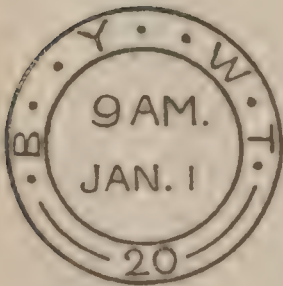
In my big, big gift-bag, piles and piles!
Oh, I'll give you the merriest, jolliest times,

With stories and riddles and comical rhymes,

With days fresh and happy, and friends in plenty,

For I am Nineteen Hundred and Twenty.

Postmark Competition.



The Postmarks above indicate the names of six towns. The Editor offers two prizes for the two most correct and the neatest answers. This competition is open to all ages up to sixteen.

*THE SERIAL STORY.*Smugglers' Island and the
Devil Fires of San Moros.*BY CLARISSA A. KNEELAND.*

CHAPTER I.

A PICNIC TO THE ISLAND.

MARIAN HADLEY stood in the doorway of her home in a small seaport town of Mexico, watching her ten-year-old brother Delbert come stumbling up the hill with his arms full of mail.

"We're out early," he shouted. "The teacher let us all out early. There are the girls coming now, down by the office. Oh! and we're not going to have any more school this week. The teacher has got to go to the dentist every day, and she isn't going to feel like teaching; so we are going to have vacation."

"Dear me," said Marian, smiling, "what in the wide world will you children do, with so much spare time on your hands?"

"O Marian! Marian! Can't we—it will be just the time to do it—can't we go to Smugglers' Island?" Delbert's body fairly quivered with excitement, and his dark eyes were shining like stars. "Let me ask Mr. Cunningham for the launch. We could go to-morrow. O Marian, do, please!"

Marian hesitated. "Smugglers' Island! That is a long way off. We couldn't be ready by to-morrow; it is late now."

"We don't need anything but a lunch. I don't mean to get up a party. Just us go. We don't need to go to a lot of fuss."

If Marian had an especial weakness, it was her brother Delbert. She was proud of that spirited, handsome little face, and rarely clouded it by a refusal if a consent was possible.

Now she thought, "Why not? Why think one must make elaborate preparations for every little pleasure, when the children would enjoy it as well, maybe better, without?"

She laughed. "Here come the girls," she said. "We'll put it to a vote."

The little girls, Jennie and Esther, came up the path. Jennie was eight, a puny, thin little shadow, with eyes that seemed much too big because the face was so thin and colourless. She had been born a sickly baby, and had averaged at least one illness every year of her life since, and had never known what actual health was. Esther and the baby David were healthy, boisterous children.

Delbert was dancing with delight. "Girls! girls!" he squealed, "listen, quick. All in favour of going to Smugglers' Island to-morrow signify by saying 'Ay.'"

"Ay, ay, ay!" he yelled; and Esther, taking her cue, also launched a myriad of "ayes;" but Jennie shook her head in grave disapproval.

"You are too ev'lastin' noisy," she said. "Marian, we are not going in the launch, are we?"

The baby was calling "Ay" most lustily.

"There," declared Delbert, "that's

a m'jority, Marian. Three out of five's a m'jority."

Marian drew Jennie tenderly to her. "Delbert wants to go to Smugglers' Island to-morrow. It is a long way, but perhaps you would not be seasick in the launch. Do you want to go?"

The little girl's shining eyes were answer enough. Marian laughed and kissed her. "Delbert," she said then, "take that bill that is in my purse down to Mr. Cunningham now and refund him for the duties on these packages and thank him for me—don't forget that—and then see if he can let us have the launch to-morrow. But I warn you children there's not a thing for lunch but bread and butter."

Previously there had lived at the port for some years an American boy whose chief joy in life had been found on the water, and, having been blest with a small sailboat of his own, he had been able to indulge his sailor propensities to the utmost. Sometimes with other boys, often alone, he had sailed up and down the coast for miles, exploring the shallow bays and winding *esteros*,* and he knew all the sandbars and islands.

A few miles out from the port was a group of islands known to the Americans thereabouts as the Rosalie Group. The natives gave them another name, unpronounceable, and certainly unspellable. They consisted of quite an assortment of rocky knolls and stunted trees, and little beaches, fine for bathing. Most people confined their sea-

ward excursions to trips of greater or less duration of time to these islands, some half-dozen in number, but Clarence had ventured much farther; he had even gone as far as San Moros, many miles down the coast.

San Moros was a wide-mouthed, shallow bay, full of rocks and sandbars, but at its farther extremity the young explorer had discovered an island that gave unmistakable evidence of having once been inhabited—probably by smugglers, as in times past they had flourished like the bay tree all up and down the west coast, as everybody knows.

Boy-like, Clarence had kept his discovery a secret, or at least had revealed it only to a chosen few, Marian and Delbert being among the elect. And when afterwards he had made a second trip to the place, Mrs. Hadley had allowed Delbert to go with him. Clarence had been fond of children and of Delbert in particular, and often took the little boy with him on his all-day trips on the water. On this occasion they had camped over and explored the Island and its surroundings.

Before long Delbert came rushing back. "We can go! We can go!" he called. "We—where's Marian?—oh! there you are. Mr. Cunningham says we can have the launch. The man he usually sends with it is sick or something, but he got Mr. Pearson to take us instead. We can start early in the morning. Goody! And say, Marian, can't you fix some dough for doughnuts and let me fry 'em for you?"

Marian looked severe. "Do you

* An *estero* (pronounced *es-tä'-ro*) is an estuary, an arm of the sea.

remember what happened the last time I let you fry doughnuts?" she asked.

Delbert's eyes twinkled. "Yes," he said; "but that was learning; I won't do it that way now."

"Shall we trust him, Jennie?" she asked.

"If you don't, there won't be any doughnuts to-morrow," Delbert assured her. "Marian has not got time to make 'em."

"I guess we can this time," decided Jennie.

"Me fry doughnuts, too," said Esther.

"I am afraid me had better not," said Marian; "but you and Jennie may roll and cut them out for Delbert. And, Davie, you sit up in your high chair and watch sister stir up these doughnuts quickly, and then Davie shall make a doughnut of his very own. Delbert, put the granite-ware kettle on, and the lard is in that pail on the shelf there by you. I think there is just enough; put it all in."

She hurried the ingredients together, and, as soon as the dough was ready for rolling out, turned it over to the apprentices and ran out of the kitchen to the numerous other tasks that awaited her.

In the morning, before Marian had breakfast 'out of the way, Delbert came in with a rush. "I have just seen Mr. Pearson. He is going to his breakfast, and he says he is all ready, and he wants to know if there is anything you want him to do."

"Yes," said Marian; "tell him

to get a demijohn of water. Mr. Cunningham has a demijohn he uses for that, but Mr. Pearson may not think of it. Esther, find the hatchet. It will come in handy when we come to build a fire for noon."

"Haven't you got eggs, Marian? Take some raw eggs, and we can boil them over a fire; it's lots of fun."

"I've only three, Delbert; but if you can, get some at Bobbie's, or ask Fanny's mother if she can spare me some."

"We can get crabs and clams, you know," said Delbert. "There's barron of 'em. Clarence and I had 'em. But take plenty of bread and butter, Marian. Mr. Pearson can eat a lot, I know."

As they started down the hill on the way to the pier, Bobbie's mother ran out to her gate. "Marian," she called, "are you taking plenty of wraps with you? You know it gets cold toward evening."

Marian held up a couple of light shoulder shawls. "Delbert has his coat," she said, "and Esther and I never want anything around us anyway. There are always a couple of blankets on the launch seats."

"Oh, you foolish child," declared the lady; "you wait." She ran back into the house, and in a moment came back with a very large heavy circular cape. "There, you take this," she said. "It will cover you and Esther and the baby too. Jennie will need both those flimsy shawls. You know it won't do to let her get chilled."

Marian thanked her laughingly, and accepted the cape.

Mr. Cunningham was down on the pier. He was a dapper young man, pleasant and good-looking and well liked by everybody at the port, and he held the most lucrative and responsible position of all the Americans there.

He smiled as the Hadley party trailed down the hill and out on the pier, the sturdy baby well in the lead.

"Here comes King David and his train," he called.—"By Jove," he added, observing the huge dig-spoon, "he has his sceptre with him too.—Good-morning, Miss Marian; do you mean to tell me that basket is full of lunch?"

"Not quite," laughed Marian. "There are a few other things as well."

As the big basket was being stowed away in the launch, Mr. Cunningham said laughingly, "If you find you have not enough, Miss Marian, there is some canned stuff in the locker you are welcome to."

"Thank you," said Marian, "I think we have plenty. I have been on trips like this before; I know how children eat. Delbert, I forgot to put in anything to cook the eggs in. You wanted to boil them, and we haven't a thing."

"There will be the clams, too," said Delbert, starting back across the pier on a trot.

"Oh, and, Delbert, you might bring Jennie's cape too, while you are there; and, Delbert, Delbert, be sure and lock the door again when you come out."

"We ought to have something to bring home clams in, too," she said after a moment; "but he is too far gone now to call back."

"There is a big pail here in the boat-house," said Mr. Cunningham, going to get it.

Soon Delbert came running down the hill again, his arms full. He ran down to the launch and scrambled in. "I brought baby's jacket, too," he said, dumping the wraps, the granite-ware kettle, and a little bright new dishpan in a heap at Marian's feet.

"Well, Mr. Pearson, I guess we are all ready," Marian said. "You'd better start off before we think of something else we might like to take."

It was a lovely day. The children were fairly bubbling over with the glee of it, and Marian herself felt unusually gay and light-hearted.

Outside the shelter of the harbour they encountered the high waves of the gulf, and Davie was so frightened that Marian had much ado to keep him quiet. Jennie, too, began to feel a few qualms of her old enemy, sea-sickness, so that with them both Marian had little chance to exchange sociabilities with Mr. Pearson.

Leaving the Rosalie Group on their right, they turned down the coast bound for San Moros.

Delbert was entirely unafraid. The higher the wave the better it suited him; and he was constantly declaring he only wished they were going to stay a week. Esther echoed him, as was her wont, and Jennie feebly put in a few remarks of the same tenor—her feeling in the matter, however, being born of a desire to put off the nausea-beset homeward trip rather than to prolong the picnic joy.

Finally they rounded the point and

entered San Moros. Delbert remembered just how Clarence had made his way in among the many rocks and sandbars, most of which were covered at high tide. The Island lay some miles back, a crescent in shape, high and rocky at one end and running out to a narrow sandy point at the other. No one approaching it would have mistrusted it was other than the mainland, for the formation was such as to blend it perfectly with the mainland back of it, and it showed no sign of the strip of water between till one was close upon it.

"We landed first by that point of rock," declared Delbert, pointing, "and then afterwards we took the boat in back of the Island and tied her to the pier till we were ready to go home."

"I guess that is a good enough programme to follow now," said Mr. Pearson. "Didn't you say this side was best for crabs? We will tie up to those rocks till after dinner."

Delbert was anxious to lead the expedition over to the other side of the Island, where remained the signs of former habitation.

"You can go on over now," said Pearson good-naturedly. "I'll unload the launch and take a swim, and if you say there is anything there worth looking at I can go over afterwards."

The hill was decidedly rocky and steep, with a goodly strip of sandy beach at its base. The crabs scurried away as the children ran across this.

"See, Marian!" called Delbert; "see all those crabs? We'll have them for dinner. Don't they look fat?"

"Fat and luscious," laughed Marian.

Delbert forged ahead, scrambling over rocks and skirting thorny bushes, and the others followed as best they could.

"I suppose when you get there you will stop and wait for us," called Marian.

"Oh yes," he answered; but he did not take the hint and slacken his pace then.

His bump of locality was good, and although it was almost a year since he had been there, he made his way directly to the spot on the apex of the hill where a faint path led down on the other side. Here he paused and, letting out a series of triumphant whoops, announced his arrival to his upward toiling sisters.

One by one they joined him where he sat on a big gray rock, swinging his lariat, his most treasured possession, a new hair rope given him by an old Mexican a few weeks before.

Marian began examining the surroundings. "I believe Clarence was right," she said. "That is a real path certainly, but there is not a sign of it on the seaward side of the hill. Whoever lived down there used to come up here to this rock. You can see away out into the gulf from here, ever so many miles; but it is so bushy that no one here would ever be seen."

"Yes," assented Delbert; "Clarence called this Lookout Rock."

"Come," said Marian, "if we have our breath now, children, we'd better go down; for, see, Mr. Pearson has the launch unloaded already, and there is dinner to get when we get back."

So they followed the twisting trail downward. It was very faint, in some places entirely obliterated, yet, taken as a whole, was distinct.

Between the Island and the mainland lay a strait that was deep enough for even large steamers, though there was little of San Moros that a big steamer could have ridden safely over. A little rough rock pier had been built here. "And Clarence said the fellow that built it understood his business, too," declared Delbert emphatically. "He said it was a good job; but come and look at the bananas," he continued, leading the way.

The Island, which elsewhere presented such rough, not to say precipitous, sides, here was level, or nearly so. A house had once stood there. The mound of its ruins was unmistakable. There was a spring, too, that had had some sort of masonry cover, broken now, but with a tiny pool of water at the bottom of the rocks. There were the remains of an old stone wall that had once surrounded a garden, of which only a thick, matted banana-patch was left.

Marian sat down near the site of the old house, while the children rummaged about and explored. Presently she rose.

"Come, children," she called. "We must be going back."

So they went back up the dim little path to Lookout Rock and began to pick their way down from there as best they could.

"Why, Marian," called Delbert, "Mr. Pearson has moved the launch. It is not by the rocks now. Where's he gone?"

"I guess he thought we were pretty long in coming, and has gone exploring on his own hook," Marian said.

"I'll see," said Delbert, and he went out to where he could see the water all around the end of the Island and in to the little pier.

"No," he said, as he came back; "he has not gone round there."

Then they went on down the hill.

Pearson had dumped all their things together and thrown one of the launch blankets over them; and on top of this a note was pinned with two wooden splinters.

Marian took it off and read it, and then stood looking at it for several seconds.

"Delbert," she said quietly, "did you know of any trouble between Mr. Pearson and Mr. Cunningham?"

"Trouble?" repeated the boy, startled—"trouble? Why—why, no—not—not trouble. Why?"

"Because," said Marian, still quietly, "Mr. Pearson has stolen the launch and gone away and left us here."

(To be continued.)

The New-Yeere's Gift.

LET others look for Pearle and Gold,
Tissues, or Tabbies manifold:

One onely lock of that sweet Hay
Whereon the blessed Babie lay,
On one poore Swadling-clout, shall be
The richest New-Yeere's Gift to me.

ROBERT HERRICK.

"AUNT MARY" wishes one and all the
best of New Years.

Rules for Competitors.

COMPETITORS must attend to the following rules:—

1. Subject to the age limits, you may enter for any or all of the competitions, but you must attach to your answers one Competition Form cut from the current number of the paper. The Competition Form will be found on page 20. No answers will be considered unless accompanied by this Competition Form. It must be filled up as directed.

2. A Competition Form *must be attached to one* of the papers sent in by each competitor. Other competitions entered must have the name, address, and age of the sender written distinctly upon them.

3. Care should be taken with *writing and neatness*, as these will be taken into consideration in judging all competitions.

4. Address your answers to "Aunt Mary," *Children's Paper*, c/o Thomas Nelson and Sons, Ltd., Parkside Works, Edinburgh.

5. No answers will be received later than January 15.

[We rely upon you to send in your own unaided work.]

Competitions for January.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Competitors must put their full postal address on each competition, and must put a sufficient amount of stamps on their packets before posting; but are requested *not to enclose stamps for replies*, as these can in no case be sent.

In each Competition the Editor offers three prizes.

For all Ages up to Sixteen.

ESSAY COMPETITION.

Write an essay on *The Things We See About Us*. The paper must not exceed 250 words.

HIDDEN NAMES COMPETITION.

N J O A
Y U C L
T M G L A U E R
A R R A D O H T
R O Y M I L T N E C A E
L I V T C R O C T H I A
R N I E H E L M R Y N E
A E L Z B I A H T E Y L
L I D Y S A I F
R N S C A F R O
S E S A
E L H I

Sixteen girls' names are hidden in the above jumbled diagram. What are the names?

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A).

Make a drawing (a little larger) of the picture on page 1 of cover, and colour it either with water colours or chalks.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (A).

Write a short story of the life of Jesus. (Not to exceed 250 words.)

For Children under Twelve only.

LETTER COMPETITION (A).

Write Aunt Mary a letter telling her of the good resolutions you have made for the New Year.

JUMBLED LETTER PUZZLE.

apynhwapeyrtæerrduaeorse.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B).

Make a drawing of a plateful of oranges, and colour it either with water colours or chalks.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (B).

Tell in your own words the story of Abraham.

For Children under Ten only.

LETTER COMPETITION (B).

Write Aunt Mary a letter telling her about your Christmas holidays.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (C).

Make a drawing of a travelling trunk and colour it either with water colours or chalks.

MOTTO COMPETITION.

The Editor invites all to enter this competition. A book prize will be given for the motto which is published in the paper. Each motto should have the name of the author from whom the quotation is taken.

Prize List for November.

ESSAY.

1. Dorothy Weldon, Glen Dora, Cliftonville Road, Belfast. 2. Thomas Brayne, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop. 3. Edith M'Gregor, 73 Comiston Drive, Edinburgh.

Honourable Mention.—Minnie Clay, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop; Jean M'Gilp, 15 Newton Street, Greenock; Herbert Pollock, Darvel Road, Newmilns, Ayrshire; James Cherrie, 36 Elder Park Street, Govan, Glasgow; Donald Gould, Gartsherrie, Shirley Road, Southampton; Jim Stewart, May Street Baptist Church, Belfast.

CHANGEABLE INSECT COMPETITION.

1. Katherine Gauld, 32 Belgrave Terrace, Aberdeen. 2. Marie Kennedy, Springmount, Coleraine.

Honourable Mention.—Ivy Mitchell, Council School, Goonhavern S.O., Callestick, Cornwall.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A).

1. Ena Telfer, 1 Belgrave Terrace, Corstorphine. 2. Irene Stevens, 3 Kersal Gardens, Kersal, Manchester. 3. Aileen Ackrell, St. Dominic's School, Dovercourt.

Honourable Mention.—Patricia Harper, Yorkshire Penny Bank Chambers, Waterhouse Street, Halifax; Hugh Ross, 105 Causewayside, Edinburgh; Helen Kilpatrick, 169 Bewick Road, Gateshead; Effie Galloway, 11 Queen's Park Avenue, Crosshill, Glasgow; Mary Arrowsmith, Minshull Vernon School, near Crewe; Gertie Fisher, St. Dominic's School, Dovercourt.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (A).

1. Barbara Richardson, 32 Hamilton Road, Cambuslang. 2. Winifred Masos, 259 Cardigan Terrace, Gateshead. 3. Freda Lethbridge, Church Girls' School, Totnes.

Honourable Mention.—Madge Boyne, 229 York Road, Leeds; Verna Williams, Council School, Goonhavern S.O., Callestick; Mary Mitchell, Nellie Turner, and Harry Blakemore, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop; Edith Lewis and Winifred Dexter, Church Girls' School, Totnes.

COMPOSITION COMPETITION.

1. Herbert Haigh, 60 Savile Park Street, Halifax. 2. Edgar Thorne, Church of England School, Knowstone, South Molton. 3. Nessie Blyth, 22 Drumoyne Avenue, Govan, Glasgow.

Honourable Mention.—Edwin Hammond, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop; Percival Buckingham, Church of England School, Knowstone, South Molton; Florrie Budgeon, St. Dominic's School, Dovercourt; George Brown, Doesgate Farm, Bulphan, Essex; Bernice Winsor, Church Girls' School, Totnes; Madge Baylis, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge.

CONUNDRUM COMPETITION.

1. Phyllis Nuburg, 56 Albany Street, Leith. 2. Mollie Bateson, 78 Bullingdon Road, Oxford. 3. Robert Gray, 15 Lonsdale Terrace, Edinburgh.

Honourable Mention.—George Andrews, Ivy Cottage, Houston, by Paisley; Violet Banks, St. Dominic's School, Dovercourt Bay; James Henderson, Cornhill Farm, Coulter, Biggar; Jessie Holding, Church Girls' School, Totnes; Ethel Pope, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop; Jack Bryant, Wooburn Council School, Bucks.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B).

1. Benjamin Collett, Wooburn Council School, Bucks. 2. Nellie Saffrey, Church Girls' School, Totnes. 3. Leslie Silvester, Clifford Chambers, Stratford-on-Avon.

Honourable Mention.—Arthur Mantell, Wooburn Council School, Bucks; Edwin Richardson,

4 Sydenham Terrace, Louth, Lincs.; Leonard Toope, 3 Sunnymead Terrace, Maudlin Road, Totnes; Madge Baylis, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge; Joseph Clay, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (B).

1. Gladys Garrett, 6 Hertford Street, Oxford. 2. Francis Williams, Council School, Goonhavern S.O., Callestick. 3. Violet Banks, St. Dominic's School, Dovercourt.

Honourable Mention.—George Brayne, Kemberton School, Shifnal; George Brown, Doesgate Farm, near Bulphan; Bernice Winsor, Church Girls' School, Totnes; Ivy Price, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton; Kenneth Dunn, 53 Thistle Street, Aberdeen; Leslie Silvester, Clifford Chambers, Stratford-on-Avon.

LETTER COMPETITION.

1. Gertrude Farmer, 23 Albert Road, Crosshill, Glasgow. 2. Olive Brown, Doesgate Farm, near Bulphan. 3. Bessie Pope, Kemberton School, Shifnal.

Honourable Mention.—E. Rose, Castlemere School, Rochdale; Ivy Brown, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton; Betty Brentnall, Mount School, Kersal; Eva Mowat, 22 Planefield Road, Inverness; Alice Stewart, May Street Church, Belfast; George Bennett, Kemberton School, Shifnal.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (C).

1. Marie Hammond, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop; 2. David Everidge, Brooklyn House, 146 Finchley Road, Hampstead, N.W.6. 3. Sheila Murray, 27 Elizabeth Street, Tayport.

Honourable Mention.—Maudie Palmer, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge; Hilda Hooton, The Old Farm, Cockhill Lane, Rubery, Birmingham; Harry Abbott, The Laurels, Rednal, Birmingham; Harry Maclees, 18 Bandon Street, Belfast; Kathleen Annear, St. Dominic's School, Dovercourt; Harry Jones, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop.

"SOMETHING TO READ ALOUD" COMPETITION.

1. Gwendoline Bickerton 126 Magdalen Road, Oxford. 2. Nancie Gilchrist, 34 Blacket Place, Edinburgh.

"POST MARK" COMPETITION.

1. Kathleen Holland, 129 Magdalen Road, Oxford. 2. Maggie Parkhill, Waverley Terrace, Coleraine.

[In "Something to Read Aloud" and in the "Post Mark" competitions, Aunt Mary was practically snowed up with entries! Many of the answers sent in were quite correct; but, as usual, neatness and daintiness of production were taken into consideration in judging].

CHILDREN'S PAPER COMPETITION FORM.

January.

Name.....

Age last Birthday.....

Address.....

Cut this out and attach it to any papers you may send in for Competition.



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